

ON THE
 Sacred Memory
 OF OUR LATE
 SOVEREIGN:
 WITH A
 CONGRATULATION
From TO HIS *William*
 Present MAJESTY.

— *Non deficit Alser*
Aureus —

Written by N. Tate.

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 TO HIS
 Present Majesty:

IF yet the Common Lethargy of Grief,
 And Nation's *Apoplex* can bear Relief,
 Let now their Art condoling Muses show,
 And teach our *Sorrows* standings Tide to flow:
 Not that their sweetest Numbers can redress,
 Or make our Agony of Grief the less;
 Yet to indulge it, will some pleasure bring;
 As Nightingals are saddest when they sing.
 But who can make the Nation's Sorrow known?
 Perish that Bard that can express his own!

With what Convulsion must we speak the Fate,
 Which yet-distracted Looks alone relate?
 How shall we Write, or how shall it be Read,
The King, The King, Our Royal Masters Dead!
 Weep *Albion*, rend with sighs thy rocky shore
 A Prince more Sacred, thou didst ne'er deplore,
 Though thou hast mourn'd a *Martyr-King* before!

O *Guarvill Seraph!* CHARLES his Sacred Guide!
 (Whether the same that did the Seas divide,
 And wandring Tribes with Miracles supply'd,)
 Behold the Close of all thy pious Care;
 The Joy of Nations, now Mankind's Despair,
 Thy Charge, through Life's prodigious Mazes led,
 With Kings of common Providence lies Dead!
 The Prince of Wonders has resign'd his Breath;
 O Triumph of the Grave! O Pomp of Death!
 Let Saints exalted to their starry Seat,
 And Angel-Quires account his Years compleat;
 (Perfection they by Intuition know,)
 But we must think 'em immature below!
 The outmost Force of humane Art we try,
 Whole Kingdoms Pray'rs to Heav'n for succour fly,
 Yet all in Vain the Royal Life to save;
 O Pomp of Death! O Triumph of the Grave!

Mourn

Mourn *Albany*, joyn *Albion's* doleful Sound,
 'Till to *Hibernian* Coasts your Plaints rebound,
 To farthest Lands let groaning Winds relate,
 And rowling Oceans roar their Master's Fate.

Hast Muses, from your blasted Mountains come
 To stock your selves with Laurels at his Tomb.
 Unite your Beams in one compleated Verse,
 To flourish on your Royal Patron's Hearse.
 Wake Britains *Horace*, wake from thy fresh Shroud,
 To tune our Sorrows and instruct the Croud,
 Our *CHARLES* his Fame and Fate thy Numbers crave;
 Such Flame as thine methinks should warm the Grave.
 Less streins may well on commons Shrines be worn,
 And meaner Muses meaner Theams Adorn,
 May suit some bloody Conquerour's Decease,
 But not the *Arbiter* of Europe's Peace.
 How well has *Asaph's* Muse our *David* stil'd
 His Form so God-like, and His Reign so mild.
 She Sung His Troubles, now His latest Breath
 Let Her record, and Constancy in Death.
 With what Heroick Soul, though Grief most deep,
 He saw His Speechless Subjects round him weep.
 How tenderly He did bequeath His Flock,
 To the next Shepherd of the Royal Stock.

Let Her the Princely Brother's Pangs deplore,
 By Blood endear'd , by mutual Sufferings, more,
 Let *JAMES* his Sorrow add to the Dismay,
 And double the Confusion of the Day.

Last, let Her close Our Dying Monarch's Eyes ;
 With which, eternal night seem'd to involve our Skies.
 Yet Noon day Stars attending on His Birth,
 Spoke Him Immortal and a God on Earth,
 His Person and His Vertues spoke Him so ,
 For Kings so Just and Mild are Gods below.
 Yet in the cold Embrace of Death He lies !
 Groan Britains, yield Him Souls for Sighs , weep -
 [Tears no more, but Eyes,

Behold the Citizens of some fair Hive ,
 How busie while their *Ruler* is alive ,
 How cheerfully their Toil they do pursue,
 From distant Fields bear home the fragrant Dew ;
 How to the common Port they all repair ,
 Build Tow'rs, and breed their young with pious care,
 While with their Colonies their Stores encrease,
 All then is Industry, all Wealth and Peace :
 But when their *King* by any Fate Expires ,
 Their Musick ceases and their Labour tires:

No

No more they make the flow'ry Sweets their Spoil,
 But in Despair they ruine their own Toil,
 Their Golden Fabricks on the ground are laid,
 And mad Confusion Reigns where Order sway'd.

How then can We our wonted Peace possess?
 Is our Devotion for our Monarch, less?
 Our threatned Ruin, Who has then withstood?
 What Chance, what Fate, or what descending God?

Behold a Present and auspicious Pow'r,
 Stands forth to turn the Fate of that dark Hour!
 To cheer our Griefs, and Order to restore,
 Lest Empire dye, and *Albion* be no more!
 From ev'ry Province grateful Hearts are sent,
 On Him Three suing Nations Eyes are bent!
 Hail! hail! Your *Hero*-Prince, almost Divine,
 In whom with Valour, Justice do's Combine.
 And all the Mercies of the *STUART*'s Line.

Live Prince of Clemency, for ever Live!
 Not All-forgiving *CHARLES* did more forgive:
 What e're blind Rage in frantick Faction strove,
 All now return, and now All find they Love.

Live

Live Prince of Clemency ! long condescend
 To sway those Realms, You did so oft Defend.
 While that August and most exalted Shade,
 That Heaven's *White-hall* has now his Pallace made,
 From those bright Seats sometimes shall not disdain
 To View the Triumphs of Your God-like Reign.
 Blest Prince! by Heav'n and *CHARLES* Example led!
 So may His Honours double on Your Head.
 The Long-liv'd Heir of all His Blessings prove,
 On Earth succeeding to His Subjects Love,
 And to the same kind Angels Care Above.

FINIS.